

Tom Broadwater and the City elections

A look at discipline in the schools

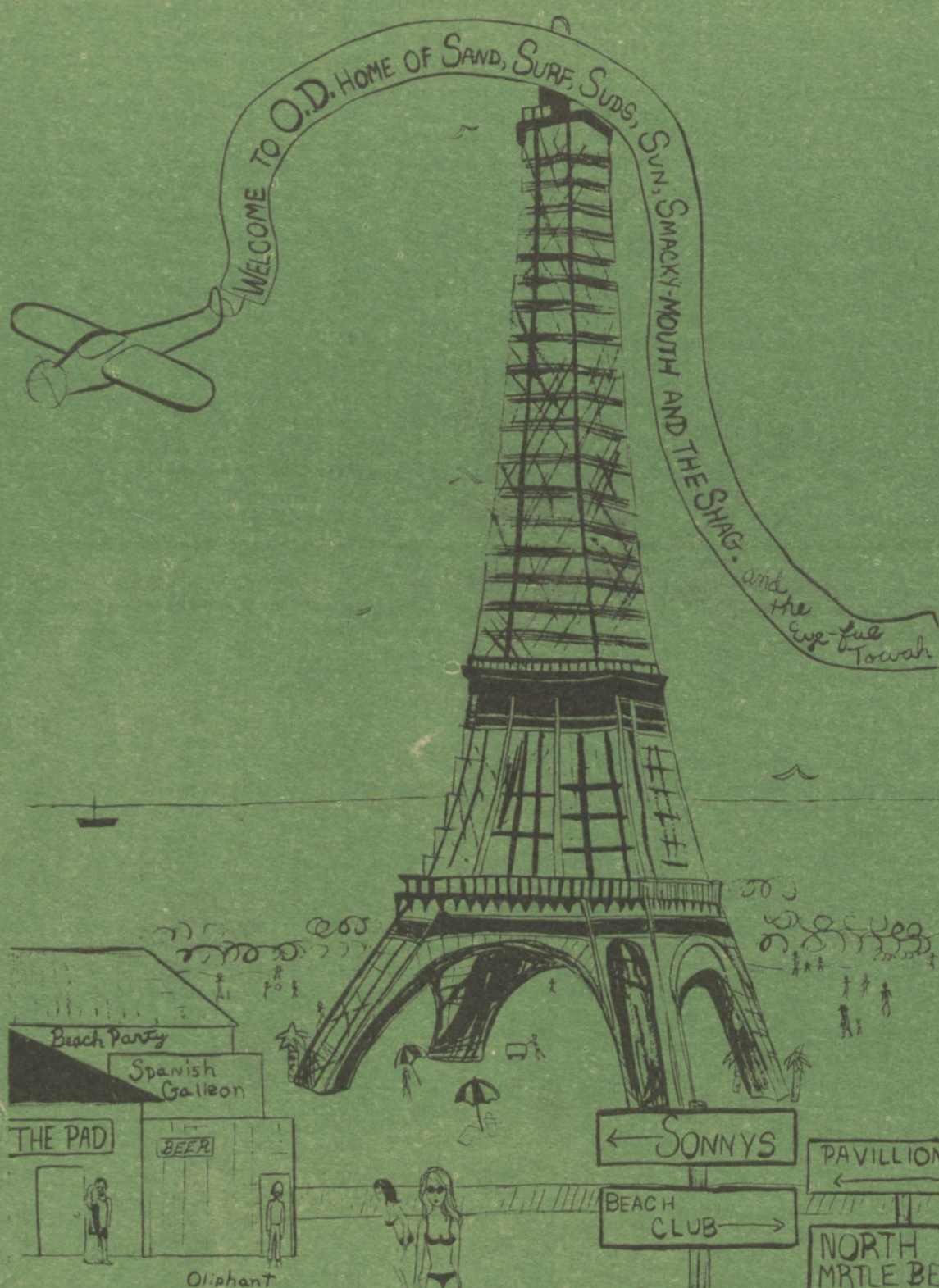
Jeane Dixon makes 1974 predictions

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OSCEOLA



Buying the Eye-ful Tower

by Jon Buchan

The Eye-ful Towah. That's what Bill Hussey calls the Eiffel Tower in his pleasant, thick-as-grits drawl.

And Bill, he oughta know, 'cause he says he's gonna buy the damn thing and move it to South Carolina. Yep, says he's gonna buy it, take it apart like one of them toy erector sets, bring it over here, and put it right here on the Grand Strand. Says it'll be one of the biggest tourist attractions you ever did see.

Yep, put it right here on South Carolina's Grand Strand. Home of the world's widest beach and a dozen or so beautiful golf courses. Home of sand, surf, suds, sun, smacky-mouth, and the shag, if you're sixteen.

Home of honky-tonkying Myrtle Beach if you're looking for cheap thrills and peaceful Pawley's Island is you're looking for quaintness.

And maybe, just maybe, the future home of the Eye-ful Towah.

The 60-mile stretch of sandy South Carolina beaches known locally as the Grand Strand accounts for almost all of the state's half-billion dollar a year tourist industry. Each summer, the area's 25,000 permanent population jumps to around 200,000 and tourists from all over the eastern half of the county spend \$3 million

(Continued on page five)

Wards, clubs & precincts: grass roots politics

by Tim Rogers

In the spring on every even year, just before the election campaigns begin to heat up in earnest, the righteous remnant of the state's political parties migrate back to their various home precincts to "reorganize."

It's the convention process, and all the conventioning starts back on the block with party caucuses in wards and precincts throughout the state. The purpose? Well, there are many. Some are formal, and are set forth in the law. Others are included in a more subtle, often hidden agenda, functions of only the unwritten law of politics.

Reorganization involves just what it says, a re-election of party officers from the grass-roots level on up. The first level is that of a ward or precinct (ward is the terminology used inside corporate city limits), and in almost all wards and precincts here there is at least a Democratic Party "club" organized. Each ward or precinct club has a full slate of officers to conduct the "business" of the club, which is essentially to oversee and coordinate all the official party activities within the precinct.

In addition to normal administrative offices, President, Vice-President, and so forth, there is also the key office of county executive committeeman (or committeeperson, as it is now known in the post-McGovern era). Generally, the county executive committees consist of one representative each from the various wards and precincts in the county. While the county convention is not in session, it is the county executive committee that oversees and coordinates county party affairs.

After electing officers, the ward/precinct clubs elect delegates to the county convention, the next step up the ladder. The election of executive committeepersons and convention delegates is continued at each level, up to and including the national convention, in the years that they are held. Normally, of course, national conventions are held only in presidential years. This year, however, there will be a special national Democratic convention, and South Carolina's delegates will be elected at the state convention. More about that later.

In addition to the election of officers

(Continued on page six)

osceola

"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbuktu"

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TRB

from Washington

Impeachment and Fertilizer

I doubt if the public yet realizes the kind of drama before it if the House of Representatives impeaches President Nixon, which now seems at least possible. Here are the lines spoken on March 13, 1868, in the US Senate:

The Chief Justice (Salmon P. Chase): "The Sergeant-at-Arms will call the accused."

The Sergeant-at-Arms: "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, appear and answer the articles of impeachment exhibited against you by the House of Representatives of the United States."

The chamber is jammed. The black-robed Chief Justice escorted to his podium by a committee of senators and facing the seven "Managers" (prosecutors) and the entire House of Representatives (who have come over, two-by-two, from their legislative wing) intones,

"Make proclamation!"

The Sergeant-at-Arms: "Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence while the Senate of the United States is sitting for the trial of the articles of impeachment exhibited by the House of Representatives against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States."

One rubs one's eyes. Is this possible in 1974? These are the actual spine-tingling words uttered on that fateful day. One has to read them, I think, to make this incredible scene come alive. Will William Wannel, the inconspicuous present-day Senate Sergeant-at-Arms from Montgomery County, Md., twice repeat his tremendous summons to "Richard Milhous Nixon to appear and answer" the House charges?

This possibility can no longer be dismissed. The present betting is now, I think, three-to-one that the House Judiciary Committee will recommend impeachment. It will hand down articles which put a broad interpretation on that ambiguous phrase "high crimes and misdemeanors". And the House itself? Most people here would say, I think that it's a toss-up; there is certainly not a majority for impeachment yet.

But the vote is not today, it's three or four months off, after the Rodino committee's report, after the three pending grand juries make their reports, after the probable new White House confrontation with Special Prosecutor Jaworski, after the

prospective public testimony of that lethal witness with the choir boy face, John W. Dean III.

The brutal fact is that a large part of the nation and a majority of the Congress would very much like to get rid of President Nixon, and substitute Jerry Ford, if they only knew how. The anxiety of House Republicans approaches panic. Barry Goldwater sees a 10 percent drop in Republican support if Mr. Nixon remains in office without raising his standing in the polls. That could be a loss of 70 GOP House seats—a holocaust. Democrats last week captured the "safe" House seat in Michigan left vacant by Ford which Republicans have held since 1911. It changed America's political climate. "Watergate killed us; I don't know of anything else," despairing Michigan Republican chairman William McLaughlin exclaimed. "I'm sure we'll win," said Minority Leader Rhodes before the election, "but we must win big." They lost. The public is speaking up about Watergate.

House impeachment will probably depend on how many Republican members join the expected Democratic majority. They can pass the buck if they want. They can argue that they seek to send the whole issue to the Senate to give Mr. Nixon a "fair trial"; the House will merely indict, let the Senators say "guilty" or "not guilty"! It is the line of least resistance and probably the safest thing for many Representatives.

We're lucky the reckless passions of 1868 don't inflame the present crisis. Enemies of President Johnson charged that he participated in the plot against Lincoln. Squint-eyed Ben Butler of Boston, one of the most despicable demagogues America ever produced, charged, on the House floor, (March 3, 1868) that President Johnson got "into an open barouche with two abandoned women, roaring drunk, and rode up and down Pennsylvania Avenue..."

Whether then or since, the great bulk of Constitutional students conclude that the Founding Fathers meant just what they said in giving the broadest grounds for impeachment. "Acts that undermine the integrity of government" is the catchall definition which the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, puts on it, and the Olympian Charles Evans Hughes once wrote, that "according to the weight of opinion, impeachable offenses include, not

merely acts that are indictable, but serious misbehavior."

Meanwhile, in another battleground here, it remains to be seen whether the Department of Agriculture, which arranged the Great Grain Robbery with the Russians in 1973, hasn't come up with a more serious blooper, a massive fertilizer shortage. Nobody doubts that we are going to have a bumper corn and wheat harvest this year. But this may not be enough. After a generation of paying American farmers not to raise crops the Administration responded to the abrupt world food crisis by removing restrictions on acreage, including some 40 million last year and 20 million this year. But it made no arrangement for more fertilizer. An enormous amount is needed if the price of wheat, which has jumped from \$1.75 to \$5 a bushel, is ever to come down, or if the world's poor nations are to be fed.

How much fertilizer? For city people it's hard to appreciate. Imagine a 100-car train made up of 100-ton hopper cars. The train will handle 10,000 tons and as it rolls through the lonesome prairie night it will be a mile long. A boy watching the engine pass and counting cars will wait three or four minutes for the caboose. The new acreage increase for 1974 alone requires 400 solid train loads of this fertilizer. And the earlier acreage increase is yelling for fertilizer, too. The Fertilizer Institute lobby declares that they must have more gasoline, and fuel oil, and natural gas to make the nitrogen fertilizer, and that the Administration is grossly underestimating their needs.

City people want gasoline, too, and the Administration won't ration. Every development of this sort emphasizes again, the amazing interconnection of the shrinking planet with its bounding population, and the disorder latent in the new Age of Scarcity. Morocco and Tunisia, for example, two of the biggest producers of phosphate rock (another fertilizer) in mid-October suddenly jumped prices 183 percent! Foreign customers, says Edwin Wheeler for the Fertilizer Institute, are "literally tearing down the door to get American fertilizer." But there isn't enough. He is only the latest to note "the specter of starvation" in poorer countries.

Feiffer

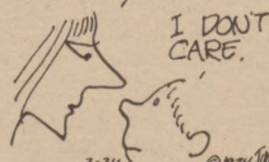
WHAT ARE YOU HIDING FROM ME?

NOTHING.



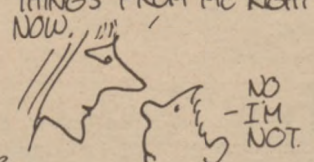
SOMETHING IS BOTHERING YOU. IS IT THAT YOUR FATHER AND I FIGHT?

I DON'T CARE.



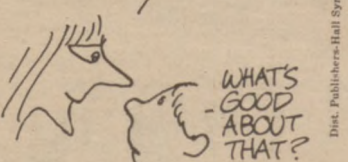
FIGHTING IS SOMETIMES GOOD. WHEN WE DON'T FIGHT WE HIDE THINGS. LIKE YOU'RE HIDING THINGS FROM ME RIGHT NOW.

NO I'M NOT.



BUT WHEN YOU FIGHT YOU'RE TOO MAD TO HIDE THINGS AND YOU GIVE AWAY WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU.

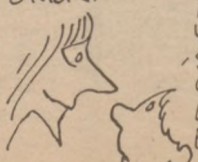
WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT THAT?



WELL, THEN IT'S EASIER AFTERWARDS TO BE CLOSER TO EACH OTHER.

BUT IF WE DIDN'T FIGHT WE WOULDN'T FIND OUT WHAT THE OTHER PERSON IS THINKING.

SO WE CAN UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER'S POINT OF VIEW AND LIKE EACH OTHER BETTER.



IF YOU'RE SO CLOSE WHY FIGHT?

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT EVERYONE'S THINKING?

IF YOU LIKE EACH OTHER SO MUCH WHY DO YOU FIGHT?



BECAUSE YOUR FATHER IS SEEING ANOTHER WOMAN!

NOW SEE WHAT YOUR HIDING HAS DONE?



Cheap Shots

While Columbia attorney Tom Broadwater lost in his bid for City Council in the Democratic Primary this week, it appears he is a long way from giving up on his bid for the seat.

In an interview with *Osceola* Broadwater indicated he is going to take steps which may force a new election. Broadwater's main contention is that the ballots used in Tuesday's election may have violated a relatively recent court decision invalidating the state's full slate law.

"When you went into the booth to vote the poll workers in several precincts were saying 'Now be sure to vote for two.' And once you got in the booth the instructions on the voting machine said, 'Vote for two.' They gave no indication or instruction that you didn't have to vote for two or that you could just vote for one. Hell, my strategy was based on getting out people to vote who were just for me."

Under the full slate law voters had to vote for the full number of vacant seats in any election or their ballots were invalidated. A 1972 United States District Court decision and a subsequent state statute now allow voters to vote for as many as they wish, up to the number of seats in contention.

Broadwater pointed to the last election held in Richland County in which he says the ballots read, "Vote for as many as eleven" concerning the House of Representatives.

Hardwick Stewart of the S.C. Attorney General's office said there is a "possibility" that the instruction might have prejudiced the election, but that was for a court to decide. Stewart indicated Broadwater should first talk with the Democratic Party and let his complaints be known, which Broadwater said he was going to do as *Osceola* went to press.

James Quackenbush, chairman of the Columbia Democratic Party, said he had been contacted by Broadwater Wednesday. He said that he informed Broadwater that the City Executive Committee would be meeting at 6 p.m. on Thursday and that if he wished to make a formal challenge, it should be done at that time.

"I sit as chairman of the Committee so it would be improper for me to make any decision or comment now. I have five



"Radiclib" Tom Broadwater

voting commissioners who will explain to the Committee the rationale behind their actions."

Broadwater says he isn't bitter about the election but he said he is disturbed with the *State* newspaper's coverage of the campaign. In one story concerning the primary race Broadwater was termed a "radical-liberal" (the term was enclosed in quotation marks).

"I talked with them and they told me that political observers were the ones who said it," Broadwater said.

The author of the story, Margret O'Shea, told *Osceola* that the "tag" was not necessarily her opinion of Broadwater, but rather what she felt was the consensus opinion among most of Columbia's politicians.

"It hurts me, I know it did. You've got to be aware of the social and political realities and this was the flame that started a forest fire which consumes anything in

the way -- including me," Broadwater explained.

Broadwater says he isn't sure how far he will pursue any complaints he might have about the election. "If I created a fuss and say they had to have the primary over, then the Republicans might take advantage of the situation and win. Now who do you think the Democrats would blame?"

"On the other hand, I think if we had the election over and people knew they could vote for just one, then maybe..."

The heated debate witnessed recently in the state Senate over the proposed Uniform Consumer Credit Code (UCCC) has concerned, for the most part, items such as interest rates and other nuts and bolts provisions.

One aspect of the bill which has received relatively little comment is the Commission on Consumer Affairs. The Commission's duties, as created by the bill, are to watchdog and regulate the field. The

change in the composition of the Commission which occurred as the bill has been developing is a fascinating study of special interest lobbying.

In the first version of the bill the Commission was to be composed of five members with the Attorney General as an ex officio member and chairman. The bill also specified that not more than two members could be connected with the credit industry.

In the next version, the language of the bill changed somewhat so that now "two members shall be from the credit industry." A minor change in wording assures the credit industry of two seats.

In a subsequent report from the Banking and Commerce Committee of the state Senate the Commission's size increased to nine members. The Attorney General isn't included, but the state treasurer is to replace him as an ex officio member and chairman. And now four members of the credit industry shall be members.

Subtle, but effective. The credit industry apparently had some interesting conversations with key members of the legislature as the bill made its way through the labyrinths of the legislative process. And the message was definitely received....

Meanwhile, on the campaign trail...

A letter arrived the other day that is currently arriving in the mail boxes of Citadel men around the state.

"As a fellow Citadel graduate, I need your support in my campaign for Lieutenant Governor," begins the letter from Rep. Brantley Harvey, Jr., who is currently beating the paths in search of the Demo nod. Harvey goes on to describe his background and accomplishments, including the fact that he "served as First Sergeant of A Company during my Junior year."

"Citadel men have been and will continue to be a major force in South Carolina politics," Harvey threatens. "This is more than a school loyalty, it is representative of an instilled sense of duty, honor and service in each graduate. Let's make this another 'Bulldog' year in South Carolina Government..."

Let's Go Bulldogs!! Two, three, four...



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Open Column

Spare the Rod?

This is the first in a series of open columns which Osceola has solicited from various members of the community.

Mr. Wedlock is an Associate Professor of Law and Co-Director of the Institute of Law and Education at the University of South Carolina, which publishes the Journal of Law and Education. He is a co-author of the American Civil Liberties Union of South Carolina's Student Rights and Responsibilities handbook and is this year serving as president of ACLU/SC. He received his bachelor of arts degree from Brown University, his Juris Doctor from American University and a Master of Laws from Yale University. Mr. Wedlock states that his abiding interest in both teaching and education law stems from the fact that both of his parents were high school teachers and administrators during his childhood and youth.

We look forward to publishing contributions from other members of the community and would welcome suggestions and contributions.

--the editors

by Eldon Wedlock

"She (the headmistress of a school) and her late husband had regarded it as the chief aim of education to bring up young people as citizens -- that is to say, as individuals with an inherent mistrust of authority." (emphasis original)

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, August 1914 (1971)

In recent years there has been an increasing chorus of voices calling for more discipline in the public schools. Candidates for school boards have run on the platform that they will restore discipline and order. The lack of discipline in the schools is among the primary complaints of parents and teachers. Being for more discipline in the school today is very much like being for law and order was several years ago. Everybody agrees discipline is needed, but nobody knows what it means, or how to achieve it, or what the cost might be.

No one will dispute the basic proposition that teachers and students should be free from fear of extortion or physical abuse. Beyond that, however, opinions diverge, particularly on the reasons justifying the imposition of punishment and the procedures attendant to it. Most proponents of more discipline favor placing essentially unreviewable power in the hands of school officials to punish, suspend or expel students, with no limitation on the reasons for punishment nor any procedural safeguards. This is essentially the manner in which schools were run prior to about five years ago, and the proponents of more discipline desire to return to that era. It is, however, too late for that.

Responding to educators often self-serving pronouncements that a high school education is a necessary concomitant to social and economic success in our society, legislatures and the courts have determined that an individual student's access to a free public education is a right or at least a valuable privilege that cannot be withheld arbitrarily or capriciously. Specifically, the courts (and recently the South Carolina General Assembly) have clearly curtailed the power of school officials to deal with students as they once did. While the specific limitations are carefully drawn to allow school officials a variety of responses to escalating challenges to the good order of the school, the basic thrust of the decisions in this area has been to establish procedural safeguards which will guarantee fair treatment to the student before he is deprived of a free public education. Put another way, the courts have limited the power of school officials to deal with students arbitrarily.

Most of those who clamor for more discipline are reacting against this new but well-established trend in the law that protects students from what the pro-discipline people consider to be the answer -- plenary power on the part of the school officials. In considering the appeal of this reaction and desire, it should be noted that the courts did not come to the conclusion that students were entitled to procedural safeguards because of some inherent mistrust of school officials, but because in case after case it was demonstrated to impartial conservative judges through sworn testimony that certain school officials (who are unidentifiable prior to their action) used their discretionary powers without regard to the facts surrounding the case, discriminatorily on the basis of race and for a range of other reasons which contradicted our basic constitutional traditions of freedom and liberty. Once the courts and legislatures concluded that education was as valuable as the educators claimed that it was, the judicial response was predictable.

Aside from constitutional restraints, there are educational and social policy considerations that tend to get lost in the pro-discipline rhetoric. Whether we like it or not, public schools are not strictly academically or technically oriented. The entire process is geared (theoretically) to preparing young people for life, and the responsibilities of adulthood. When we talk about the uses of discipline in our public schools we are discussing the very future of our society. What kind of attitudes and responses should we equip our young people with in order that our society may continue in its cherished traditions



from "Student Rights & Responsibilities in S.C."

of liberty? And what is the role of discipline in the shaping of these attitudes and response?

If we are to continue to live up to the ideals expressed by principles embedded in the Constitution, we are dependent upon an educated and independently-minded electorate. The fact that the franchise is widely shared by the people is no guarantee anymore against the seizure of power by a manipulative candidate or party. Instead the essential safeguard against usurpation of political power from the people (or where it has been usurped, its restitution to the people) is an inherent, healthy skepticism on the part of the people to those who have or seek power. In addition to this skepticism, a willingness to use those mechanisms designed to permit individuals to challenge governmental power is also essential.

In the last 40 years, from 1930 to 1970, America has come the closest to losing these basic elements of free society -- and the nearness of the loss, painfully reflected in attitudes that seem to pervade those who matured before the Vietnam War, provided the impetus for many to begin again to challenge the notion that the government knew what it was doing and no need for the opinion of the citizen. Faced with an unprecedented depression which was impossible for individuals to cope with, the very concept of individualism became suspect. When a great charismatic leader appeared on the horizon, people were only too glad to turn the responsibilities over to him. Through the second World War, Americans were regimented into a lock step discipline to meet the very real military emergency. Following the World War, the Cold War continued the need for demanding unswerving allegiance to those in positions of authority and power. This attitude was a contributing factor to the largely supportive position of the people of the United States to our increasing involvement in Vietnam, until finally a few traditional rebels and the young who had not been indoctrinated so heavily in the "need" for discipline persuaded the bulk of the nation that the Emperor was naked. Watergate and related matters should be the clincher to most folks that power and authority must be watched, and that the greatest danger to our freedoms is an uncritical obedience to whatever order is issued, but still you hear the cry that we need a new leader, that Nixon must be freed of the burdens of investigations so that he can lead, etc. Old habits of indolence die hard.

It is against this background that we must very carefully examine the used and abuses of discipline, and analyze the "need" for discipline in the schools and how this "need" should be filled. If we are seeking to develop the essential traits of a democratic citizenry--willingness to criticize--fostering blind obedience to authority and officialdom, tolerance to abuses of authority visited upon others; and an ability to ignore exercises of power by school officials wholly inconsistent with the constitutional demands made upon other officers of the government are unlikely teaching techniques.

Yet it is precisely this that most advocates of more discipline in the schools seem to demand when pressed to define more clearly what it is they want accomplished. What they desire is to vest summary power in the hands of teachers and school administrators to determine how a student should dress, what he should read and distribute to other students, and whether or not he should be permitted to continue in school. Note that what is desired

most is the summary unreviewable power to exclude students and thereby deny them their right to an education if they somehow do not measure up to the standards of those who are in positions of authority in the schools. In addition to the general problem of caprice that this creates, there is the special problem of applying the narrow standards of these school administrators and teachers to ethnic and minority group students that do not share similar backgrounds and notions of what is "socially acceptable."

Criticizing the proponents of more discipline, however, is no answer to the question of what discipline should be taught, and how it should be taught. The discipline that we should seek to teach our children is a critical self-discipline. Self-discipline to endure and tolerate those events and facets of our life which are unsettling or detrimental to our interests while at the same time engaging the processes of our society in order to criticize and change them. Chief among the lessons of self-discipline is the concept of tolerance of those who look, act, and speak differently from you or espouse different religious, political, and philosophical views, despite how uncomfortable these persons make you feel. Another important lesson that should be learned from discipline is the resolve to submit disputes to reasonably impartial tribunals for decisions, and the acceptance of those decisions or the appeal to a higher tribunal.

Neither of these lessons can be learned by the teaching of blind obedience. They can be taught abstractly, but in order for the lesson to really take, it seems to me, there must be an observation of such self-discipline in practice. It is at this stage that our schools are failing to teach our young people discipline that will be useful to our society. Instead, by seeking to re-establish the kind of authoritarian regime of the past, school officials are actively undermining the vital lesson. When a student is expelled without a hearing, or when he is expelled because his hair is too long for taste, or when he is expelled for participating in a peaceful demonstration concerning some perceived grievance, the lessons of tolerance and fairness are lost. In its stead is a poisonous lesson that individuals are not entitled to be treated fairly and tolerantly and that one must be ever vigilant not to offend those in positions of authority, for they may and will exercise their whim to your everlasting detriment. Further, the lesson is learned that ascendancy to a position of authority frees one from any obligation to be tolerant or fair, that instead power exists to serve the caprice of he who wields it, and there is no recourse.

While the continuity of the substantive educational program must be maintained, it is not impossible to do so with an appropriate regard for the fundamental rights of students as individuals in our society. It would be far better if in the face of certain non-disruptive challenges, school administrators would react with an understandable and vocal disagreement, while at the same time stating that he is tolerating the behavior or submitting the dispute to an impartial body for resolution in the interests of preserving our fundamental freedoms, out of respect for the students as individuals and as an object lesson in self-discipline.

So far the track record of school officials in coming around to this approach has not been good. Reaction to the court decisions mandating a new approach to the question of discipline has been only grudging acceptance. In some instances, school officials have actively sought to conceal from their students the changed position of the law and the existence of student rights. Others have taken the position that they will continue to do things in the old way until someone has the guts to take them to court. The lessons of self-discipline is poorly served by this reaction, and only serves to heighten the disaffection of the students with a system that they do not see working with them. School officials should reassess the changed relationship between themselves and students and attempt to utilize the change constructively to teach a response citizenship instead of reacting to reinforce their images as intolerant and unfair martinet.

This approach to discipline does not in any way limit the substantive power of school officials to exclude or otherwise punish disruptive, assaultive or extortive behavior on the part of students. These acts (and others) obviously have no place in our society, and that too is a lesson that unfortunately must be learned by some young people as well as some adults. However, the lesson might be better learned if the individual could see that it was a collective judgement of approbation that was involved rather than being able to ascribe his punishment to what he may perceive as a vindictive, discriminatory, and arbitrary school official. To the extent that punishment serves as a means for setting the outer limit of permissible behavior, it is necessary that the outer limit chosen have the sanction of the society. To the extent that it does not, the individuals in the society generally feel no need to comport themselves according to the established limitation. If, then, it is possible for individuals to interpret the application of punishment as a function of the whims and fancies of one authoritative individual, the less the pressure is to discipline themselves to adhere to the standard. The exercise instead of self-discipline, becomes one of seeing to it one is not caught. Again we can see that the proponents of great discretionary authority on the part of school officials are actually dis-serving the broader interests of the society in the lesson of self-discipline.

Buying the Eye-ful Tower

continued from page one

a day on motel rooms, ferris wheel rides, sun burn ointment, slave-master t-shirts, Myrtle Beach souvenir ashtrays, and other assorted treasures.

The land rush has been on down here for ten years. Everybody's got his own favorite story about how somebody got rich quick on land speculation. One realtor tells about how six lots a mile from the ocean that were bought for \$3,000 in 1956, sold for \$88,000 in 1972, and re-sold in 1973 for \$175,000. But the gasoline shortage has hurt the land values in recent months. Land's not worth much if it's too much trouble to get to.

Enter Bill Hussey, a country boy born in Burgan, North Carolina, 61 years old, about to retire from 25 lucrative years in beach real estate. Last October he decided to take the Missus on a luxury cruise to France aboard the Queen Elizabeth II. While in Paris, he heard the Eiffel Tower was for sale and the idea hit home.

Why not buy the tower and move it to the Grand Strand? I mean, even if the sun, surf, suds, and all the rest won't pull the tourists, how can they possibly resist the Eiffel Tower?

"The driver who was guiding us around Paris told us the Eiffel Tower was for sale. We did like a lot of other people do when I say we're trying to move it over here. We laughed, and I said facetiously, 'Let's buy it.'

"That night back at the hotel, I got to talking to some of the people who came over with us on the ship—and they were nationally known figures whose names I can't give you. When I was on the ship I used to think to myself, 'Well, what's a country boy like Bill Hussey doing sitting on the patio with these people?'

"It was 'Lord This' and 'Lady That' and 'Sir Something Else.' But I had decided that if I was only going to France once, I'd go the best way I could. I've been all over the Orient, been on seven cruises, and the rooms on these ships usually aren't big as a cat's tail. My room this time was 22 foot by 36 foot. I stepped it off.

"But I was with these people in Paris and we got to talking about buying the Tower over a couple of drinks. I said, 'Well, boys, I never spend my money after I've had a pull, so let's talk later.' So later that night we got to talking about it sitting around in the hotel and the next morning we met for coffee downstairs and really got down to the tacks. We got an agent in France to begin making inquiries about it. We've never yet, let me stress, had full verification of the fact that it is for sale. Many factors make us believe it is for sale."

When Hussey's plans began to attract local publicity, one newspaper phoned tower officials in Paris who denied rumors that the landmark is for sale. Hussey, however, maintains that his information is reliable. He says, though, that the Paris municipal government is under pressure from local hotel owners to oppose the sale of the tourist attraction.

While his agent in France is handling the details of the purchase, Hussey is trying to iron out practical problems of moving the 984 foot tower to South Carolina. His plan is to dismantle it, move it down the Seine on barges, and ship it to Georgetown, an ocean port 40 miles south of North Myrtle Beach. Then he will erect it on 100 acres of land near the Atlantic Ocean and probably surround it with an amusement park.

Hussey knows there will be complications. He has already received approval from the local city council to erect it within the city limits. He is negotiating with the Federal Aviation Agency for clearance to locate the tall tower near an established landing pattern. He consulted with experts about the problems of tearing down the



I was thrilled to death when I saw the Eiffel Tower. I never dreamed when I hit Paris that I would be sitting down trying to negotiate to buy it.

cast-iron structure, shipping it—no one seems to know how much it weighs—and replacing damaged parts. He's seeking advice on how to prevent the iron from rusting in the salt air and from sinking in the sandy soil.

No one except Hussey and his "nationally-known" friends took the proposal very seriously at first. Most people still wink when they mention it. But tourists mean dollars on the Grand Strand and lately, some of the locals have been coming around to his way of thinking. A few weeks ago, a group of developers from the south end of the beach offered Hussey a free area of high-priced land if he would agree to put the tower near land they owned. He turned them down.

"The greatest attraction that I could possibly conceive of for North Myrtle Beach and the Grand Strand would be the Eiffel Tower. I can't imagine anything that would draw more people. One man told me he thought it would be the second greatest tourist attraction in the South, first after Disneyworld," Hussey said and smiled.

If you have to ask what it costs, you probably can't really afford it. So Hussey hasn't asked yet and if he's got any idea how much it might cost, he's not talking. He has let local reporters print figures ranging from \$16 million to \$50 million. And he has some pretty unique ideas about financing the project.

He proposes that he and his friends will make an immediate down payment on the tower when it is officially for sale. Then they will raise the remainder of the money by selling stock in the tower to individuals across the country.

"We could raise the money through the bigger underwriting firms if we wanted to. My idea, though, is exactly the reverse. As a little man myself, I would prefer that the offer be made to the public at \$10 a share with the maximum anybody could own set at 5,000 shares. Nobody could control it. I would like to see thousands and thousands of people buy this stock whether they bought one share of 100 shares or 1,000.

"One of my friends said to me, 'Bill, if a man buys two shares of stock, it costs you just as much to issue the stock, process it, and mail it to him as if he bought a thousand.' I understand that. But that man buys two shares and lives in Connecticut, and when he comes down south, he's going to come see the investment he's got stock in.

"This is the thing that hit me so good the other day. I was up near Calabash (a local fishing village) and I stopped at a little grocery store there and a fellow

walked up and said, 'Ain't you Mister Hussey? I said I was. He said, 'I understand you gonna sell stock in the Ivory Tower.'

"I said, 'Yes, I'm gonna sell stock in the tower, if we get the tower.' He said, '\$10 a share? I said that was right. He said, 'I want five shares for my boy and five shares for my girl.'

"I said, 'Good. When it comes, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll issue the number one certificate.' So I took his name and address and put it in the file. He's a working man, drives a pulpwood truck."

"I know a lot of people think it's a joke. But this is no hoax. I'm too old to be pullin' a hoax.

"You know when I was a boy in grammar school in my civics or history class, I learned about what we called the seven wonders of the world. The Eiffel Tower was one of the seven wonders as depicted in that book. I was thrilled to death when I saw it. I couldn't wait to get out there and look it over. And I never dreamed when I hit Paris that I would be sitting down trying to negotiate to buy the thing. I just didn't dream of it.

"I know it's a long dream. But another guy bought the London Bridge, tore it down brick by brick and brought it to Arizona as a tourist attraction. And they brought the Queen Mary over here and anchored it as a floating motel. If I had broached this to some of my friends 15 years ago—or even before they moved the London Bridge—I think they would have gone and gotten a straitjacket and put me in the nuthouse.

"I sit here and think about this thing. And I think, 'You're 61 years old and you must be nuts to get into a deal like this.' But I have always enjoyed trying something that people say you can't do. I just happen to be built that way. And I like to try and if I don't do it, if it turns out that we don't get it, I'll be frank, I'll be disappointed.

"But a man doesn't build his hopes and his dreams on disappointment. He builds them on doing the best he can. If it doesn't do, well, we'll still manage to get breakfast. I'm a Presbyterian. What will happen will happen. I have every faith in the world that we'll do everything we know how to get it. If we don't get it, I've spend right much time and effort."

Hussey smiled, leaned back in his chair, and put a finger behind either ear, "And if we do get it, you'll see a guy with a grin from here to here."

And after that? Well, Hussey's friends say that whenever they ask him that, he just smiles and says, "Then maybe we'll go after the Leaning Tower of Pisa."

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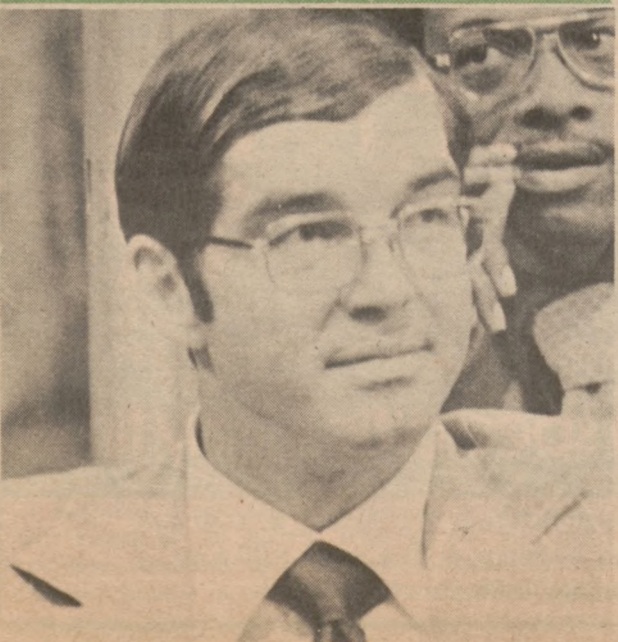
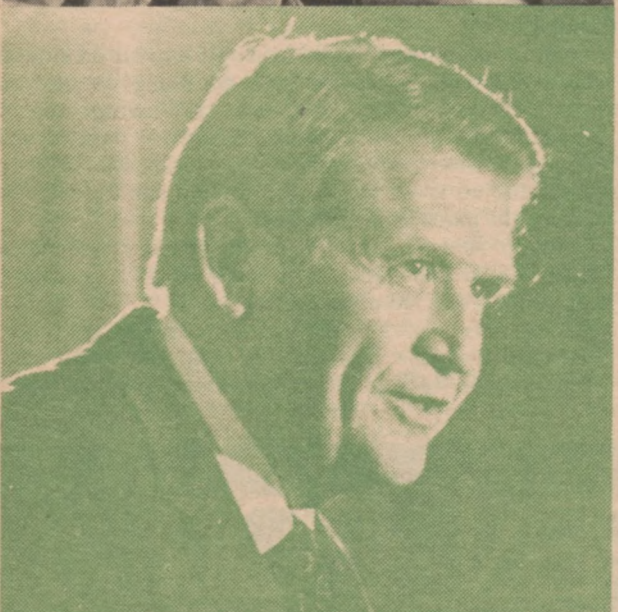
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GETTING

Grass Roots Po

Continued from page one

and delegates, the convening partisans frequently offer resolutions in a variety of topics, ranging from national issues to strictly local ones—complaining about a drainage ditch or asking for a new stoplight. If they're of at least county-wide significance, they'll go to the resolutions committee of the county convention and perhaps to the floor to be voted on. Depending on the issue, it could go one from there.

Resolutions are not to be confused with platforms, which are only adopted at the state and national levels. The former are generally more pointed while the latter usually portend to cover the waterfront; the greatest similarity between the two is that neither really mean much.

American political parties have never been heavy on enforcing loyalty or adherence to "the party line," as is the case in the European democracies. Consequently, there is no party line; and platforms are purposefully written to be vague enough so that widely differing philosophies can rationalize adherence. This is not to overlook the fact that platform planks and resolutions are often vigorously fought over by opposing ideological camps, but when this does happen, the end purpose is most often propaganda effect.

One example of how resolutions can be used as an effective publicity vehicle could be seen in the efforts of the Richland-Lexington Women's Political Caucus last week in Democratic and

Republican ward and precinct caucuses throughout the two counties. The caucus was pushing five resolutions dealing with the problems of women citizens—on fair credit, child care, rape, the Commission on the Status of Women, and the Equal Rights Amendment. They succeeded in getting about half of the Democratic ward and precinct clubs to pass at least some of the five, as well as a lesser number of Republican clubs. They will push for adoption of the measures at the county conventions, and at the state level. At a time when the legislature is being something less than sensitive in dealing with women's rights issues, the Women's Caucus efforts will have some impact.

In the final analysis, however, the fate of women's rights issues will depend not on how many resolutions are passed in party conventions, but on how many sympathetic legislators can be elected. Because in American politics, in South Carolina politics, elections is the name of the game. The parties exist to facilitate electoral candidates, instead of the other way around—as it is in Europe.

In times past, and still today to a lesser extent, reorganization was important solely because it determined which political factions would control the election machinery in the upcoming primary and general elections. Precinct officers select the poll workers, so if a faction controlled the officers, it could pretty well control the way the election would go in that precinct "box."

Such shenanigans were prevalent in the old days, but now? The most recent resurrection of the specter of ballot days stuffing was in 1972, in the

aggressively-contested Cromer-Bristow battle for the state Senate in Richland, Chester, and Fairfield counties. Cromer, the moderate Democrat-turned-Republican, out-pollled the entrenched Democrat Bristow in Richland County, but lost the two outlying counties in the district by decisive margins. Cromer challenged the results, particularly in some questionable Chester boxes, but later unexplainedly dropped the matter.

In most areas, this kind of finagling is kept to a minimum now, though, and most of the ward and precinct gatherings this past week in Columbia were pretty sterile civic rituals, at best.

In an attempt to gauge the current spirit of party activity, and in the hopes of getting some new insight into what folk are thinking down there at that grass-root level, but mostly out of habit, I ventured off last week to two of those sterile civic rituals—one Republican and one Democrat. Although the groups were of two perceptibly distinguishable types, they were not necessarily characteristic of either party, or of such groups in other areas. But both were types, almost stereotypes for any number of others around the state.

The Republican ward caucus was held, as often happens, in a residence. Mother, father, and daughter attended from the host household, and walked off with three of the six ward club offices. Two lawyers, a businessman, a student, and four charming elderly ladies also showed up.

It was a friendly group, most everybody knowing most everybody else, and there

ALREADY:

Politics 1974

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were no contests for any of the club offices or delegate slots. Elections were by consensus. Only one resolution was introduced and passed—praising Republican Congressman Spence and Young and Senator Thurmond for their “find job” in Washington.

The group was also ideologically solid; none were overly perturbed about the possible political ramifications of the difficulties Republican rule has been encountering lately. But, then again, there weren’t any real full-time political activists in the assemblage; no one had fully grasped the fact, for example, that with the coming of single-member districts, this particular ward could well comprise almost half an entirely new legislative district. Their ward having been marginal or “swing” for both parties in past elections, the Republicans should have been busy planning, at least, for the coming fray.

The only other mentionable occurrence at the meeting was the circulation of one of those petitions urging General William Westmoreland to run for Governor. “Yeah, I’ll sign it, because I do want Westmoreland to run—although I’m not sure he’s my man”, remarked one participant when handed the petition. That sentiment seemed fairly representative of most of the others present. When questioned about attitudes toward the General’s flowering non-candidacy, the most frequent answer was, “Well, I’m interested, but I want to hear more about what the man believes, what his positions are. I’d like to hear him say for sure he’s a Republican, for starters.”

If Westy’s answer were unsatisfactory, would Richland Republicans be willing to go with a more “purist” candidate such as Charleston state senator Him Edwards?

“Well, there’s also the question of who can win. We’ll just have to wait and see for now.”

The Democrats, on the other hand, were a good deal younger and more go-go, at least in this ward. Young couples mostly—a law professor, two planners, a professional PR player, and a handful of young lawyers. Plus a few student types. The ward president, a history professor at USC, moddish at early middle-age with a noticeable middle European accent, was the picture of an enthusiastic liberal.

There did seem to be a greater seriousness of purpose at the Democratic gathering; parliamentary procedure, for example, was fairly closely observed throughout. Resolutions were attended to first, before the elections of officers and delegates.

All five women’s caucus resolutions were introduced and passed; then a young lawyer introduced a resolution urging Nixon’s impeachment. Like good South Carolina liberals, the group immediately began backing down. What good would it do to pass this resolution, one earnest bearded participant asked, as if it would do any less good to pass a resolution on impeachment than on the ERA or anything else. What about the media, the ad man chipped in. A resolution on impeachment would take away all the attention from our other resolutions. ZZZZZZZZZZ. Finally the young lawyer withdrew the motion in frustration.

Even with their somewhat greater seriousness and formality, the Democrats’ elections were mostly “aw, shucks,” giggling and consensus. There was a plea for volunteer workers for Richland County Rep. Alex Sanders, who is running for lieutenant governor in the Primary—now

delayed until August, but other than that, not much discussion about the bland statewide races shaping up.

And there was talk about what single-member districts would mean in terms of the importance of future ward club activity. Emphasis was placed on recruiting volunteer campaign workers and poll workers, to ease the strain on party finances. “We’re one of the few white wards in the city that still votes Democratic,” offered one of the conferees, “and there is no reason we wouldn’t have a good chance to elect a Democratic Representative from this area.”

The fact is, despite the presence of concentration of Democratic and liberal activists in the ward, recent elections there have gone decidedly Republican. And I wondered if this year, the people in that room and others like them in the South City ward were ready to make the kind of effort to gain any different result.

The thing that was missing was *enthusiasm*, the kind of enthusiasm you see in the eyes of ideologically committed people who also have the confidence that they can go somewhere with that commitment, somewhere beyond the safe confines of a precinct caucus where there is no discomfort in being a liberal.

For many South Carolina urban liberals, the mammoth force of the McGovern defeat has yet to wear off. Discouraged, they wonder what is possible. For the more seasoned South Carolina liberals, the effect was not so great. Later in the week after the Columbia caucuses, a stalwart liberal activist called excitedly long-distance to report on a precinct caucus down in the Lowcountry hinterlands.

“We were ready and we let ‘em have it,” she bragged. “We took all the offices, including executive committee person, and we’re working on getting at least some of the state convention delegates seats.” *Enthusiasm*. It was there.

And so it went.

In this non-presidential election year, the chief excitement at the Republican state convention will be the question of primary or no primary. The Democrats, of course, normally wouldn’t even have that to stand in their way of a totally meaningless session.

But this year it’s different. As mandated by the 1972 Democratic National Convention, the party will hold another national convocation in December of 1974 to approve a formal charter for the party. The oldest party in the country, the Democrats have never had a formal charter before. In the wave of pre-November, 1972 reform, the drawing of a charter was seen as an excellent vehicle to irrevocably guarantee the gains made in opening up party participation to previously excluded groups, as well as to define party allegiance more distinctly.

Conservatives balked at the ‘72 convention when the reformers’ draft of a new charter was presented. To avoid another fight, the McGovernites got through a compromise proposal for a Commission to spend the next two years drafting a charter—which would be in turn presented to the special national convention in ‘74.

Former North Carolina governor and presidential candidate Terry Sanford was named chairman of the Charter Commission; South Carolina’s representative on the body are state Party Chairman Don Fowler and state YD President Rick Silver, a Fowler disciple. Dr. Fowler is a trained political scientist, as you know—he was a Ph.D. to provide it, and he has also proved an eloquent spokesman in the (George Governor) Jimmy Carter—Bob McNair—(National Democratic Chairman) Bob Strauss Southern wing of the party. The group is a bullwark in the move back toward “the center” in preparation for 1976, preferably, to result in Washington Senator Henry “Scoop” Jackson becoming the presidential nominee.

By virtue of these attributes, Fowler managed to get himself onto the Executive Committee of the Charter Commission,

and more recently was named chairman of a special subcommittee in charge of the actual drafting of the document. While Fowler’s name has been bantered about regularly in the national media in connection with the Charter Commission proceedings, none of the local press corps had bothered to notice, so the Chairman decided a briefing was in order.

As if to reinforce the importance of the convention process this year, Fowler called a score of the Columbia press together for a luncheon to explain his work on the Charter Commission and to try to drum up support for the version he is pushing.

Although Fowler is balanced off on the special subcommittee by reform Minnesota Congressman Don Fraser, the Chairman claims that in the final draft will resemble his more closely than any of the others. Fowler’s version, backed by the pro-Jackson Coalition for a Democratic Majority (CDM), differs from more liberal proposals in three broad particulars: (1) Fowler’s plan would protect the concept of the national party as confederacy of state parties, as opposed to an increased emphasis on national party membership and orientation. (2) Fowler’s draft deletes provisions for a mid-term, issue-oriented policy convention such as is occurring this year. And (3) Fowler’s plan would retain the bulk of party control and authority in the Democratic National Committee (DNC).

Try as he could, Fowler just couldn’t get the local press folk interested in all that intra-party rigamarole. *Greenville News* Columbia bureau chief Doug Mauldin kept insisting, “Can you give me one good reason the average guy in Oconee County should give a damn?” And all the time, I could hear Fowler thinking, why doesn’t Harry Dent have this kind of problem?

Supported by Rick Silver and Dr. William Kreml, USC political science prof who acted as a consultant to help draw the Fowler charter proposal, Don insisted that the issue was not ideological, that his proposal made sense to reformers and moderates alike. What about the pro-reform New Democratic Coalition’s (NDC) and Congressman Fraser’s fight to attach a number of reform measures in the final draft, while Fowler’s backers were primarily CDM advocates? Well, there are always a few diehards.

Later, as the luncheon had concluded and the reporters were trailing off, Dr. Kreml stood aside privately, critiquing the merits of some of the reform measures. Like, for example, what’s so wrong with a mid-term policy conference? Sure it will cost money, and sure there’ll be divisions, but isn’t that what the people want the chance to do now? Don’t we need more grass-roots input?

“You’re trying to come on with some ‘noble savage’ idea, and I just don’t buy it.” But what about participatory democracy? “What about it? Realistically speaking, I just don’t think it holds much water. Amateurs and incompetence were what was wrong in ‘72.”

Somehow I thought the biggest lesson of ‘72-’73 was that the professional politicians most often have too many other interests than the peoples’ to contend with, and that any sound institutional check on the power of the pols, with maximum rank-and-file input, was the kind of answer we were looking for.

But Dr. Kreml saw it differently: “What occurred was the corruption of an elite. To counter that, what we must do is build a counter-elite.”

A counter-elite. I didn’t recall reading that kind of impression out of the Democrats’ call-to-convention, with all the accompanying rhetoric and recommendations about full participation and affirmative action. I wonder if the folk who showed up for all those ward and precinct caucuses conceived of themselves as laying groundwork for elites and counter-elites.

And yet, with few concessions to reform and new politics, that is exactly the way it happens, the way it has been happening for some time.

Next stop, county conventions...

Jeane Dixon Looks Ahead

by Bob Thompson

CLEMSON—The slim, smiling lady in the long, sequined white dress, talked of God and spiritual unity and American greatness for almost two hours. Then she welcomed the University president and his wife onto the stage and together these three led the audience in a sincere, if unmelodious version of "God Bless America."

Smiling still, she turned from the packed-in audience to leave. The crowd was silent, its pent-up emotions purged.

It was not a convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution; nor was it a religious revival of any sort. But prophetess Jeane Dixon's speech Tuesday at Clemson University contained as much religion and patriotism as it did apocalypse.

Dixon, whose predictions about people and events are syndicated in over 300 newspapers daily apparently took a liking to her audience in Tillman Hall. She began her Speaker's Bureau presentation by announcing to her gratification that Clemson students "all look so clean and so scrubbed..."

With recurring references to the Southern-style hospitality offered her by

Clemson president Robert C. Edwards and his wife, Dixon made it clear that she felt right at home.

After opening with a spiel to the college-age onlookers about how moral and energetic America's youth are—standard fare for college speeches—Dixon explained how she came to have the "gift" of prophecy, prediction and forecast.

Her prophecies are a revelation for the will of God, she said, while predictions and forecasts are merely visions that she has of man-made and man-willed events which will occur. "The will of humanity cannot change the will of God" and instances of prophecy, she explained, and so she tries to refrain from meddling with pre-ordained will in such matters.

Dixon claimed that she first became aware of her clairvoyance at the age of seven, when she saw a vision that her grandfather would die soon in Germany. She realized that she had a "divinely granted talent" which she felt must be used for constructive purposes, she remarked.

The imminent death of John F. Kennedy was revealed to her in 1952, more than a decade before the young president was felled by an assassin's bullet, according

to Dixon. But the vision was a prophecy, and the plans of God were unalterable, she added.

"I picked up the man-made plans ten days before it (the shooting) happened," said Dixon, and she tried to warn the President of the impending tragedy because it was the "human" thing to do.

But God had willed the assassination, she said, because it would unite the nation—even if in sorrow.

On the other hand, the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy in 1968 was a forecast that came to Dixon several days before the tragedy. "It could have been avoided," she said, and she tried without success to get the Senator to cancel his victory speech at the Los Angeles hotel.

But the past is past. What about the future? Dixon treated the audience to visions of a Mid-East peace, a tenth planet in the universe, ill health for President Nixon, and a giant comet that will "rock the earth on its axis."

"Watergate is going to change our lives—and this is a prediction—unless we meet as one man before our watergate," she noted after cryptic references to biblical and other passages which she said had warned us literally of a "watergate" dilemma.

"I believe it (Watergate) will be good for the United States," Dixon said, because it will trigger a moral reaction that will set American back on its feet. "Do not let our grief over Watergate separate us from the love of our country," she warned.

Claiming that she is "both and neither" a Democrat or a Republican, Dixon acknowledged her belief in the "greatness" of all U.S. Presidents. "Our President is trying to do his part," she elaborated. "Future leaders are going to have more

trouble uniting us than President Nixon has."

"Nixon will not resign and he will not impeached," she forecast. "But the President will be 'very sick' in 1975 although he will recover from the illness."

George Wallace and Ted Kennedy were other politicians mentioned in Dixon's predictions. Wallace will retire from politics to become a minister of God, where he "will preach love instead of hate."

Kennedy can be nominated for president in 1976 "if he wants it," she remarked, but she reserved comment on whether he can be elected. Instead, she asked for a voice vote for the audience, which showed that they clearly were not in the Senator's camp.

Between 1982 and 1985, a comet will pass near the earth which will "release the power to rock the earth on its axis," and will cause the planet to change its revolutions, says Dixon. We will witness "a tremor of the earth" and three days and nights of darkness, omens of the second coming of Christ.

Dixon saw the energy crisis being solved by the harnessing of solar power, but not before space explorations will be temporarily discontinued later in this decade because of energy shortages.

Sometime in the 1990s, astronomers will discover that Jupiter has a sister planet, Dixon said, which "will be inhabited by creatures of God."

Answering a question from a listener Dixon foresaw that marijuana is not going to be legalized and she termed it an "addictive" drug, "be very careful where marijuana is concerned," she cautioned. "You can see many defective children whose mothers have smoked marijuana," she said.

Groucho's

of COLUMBIA



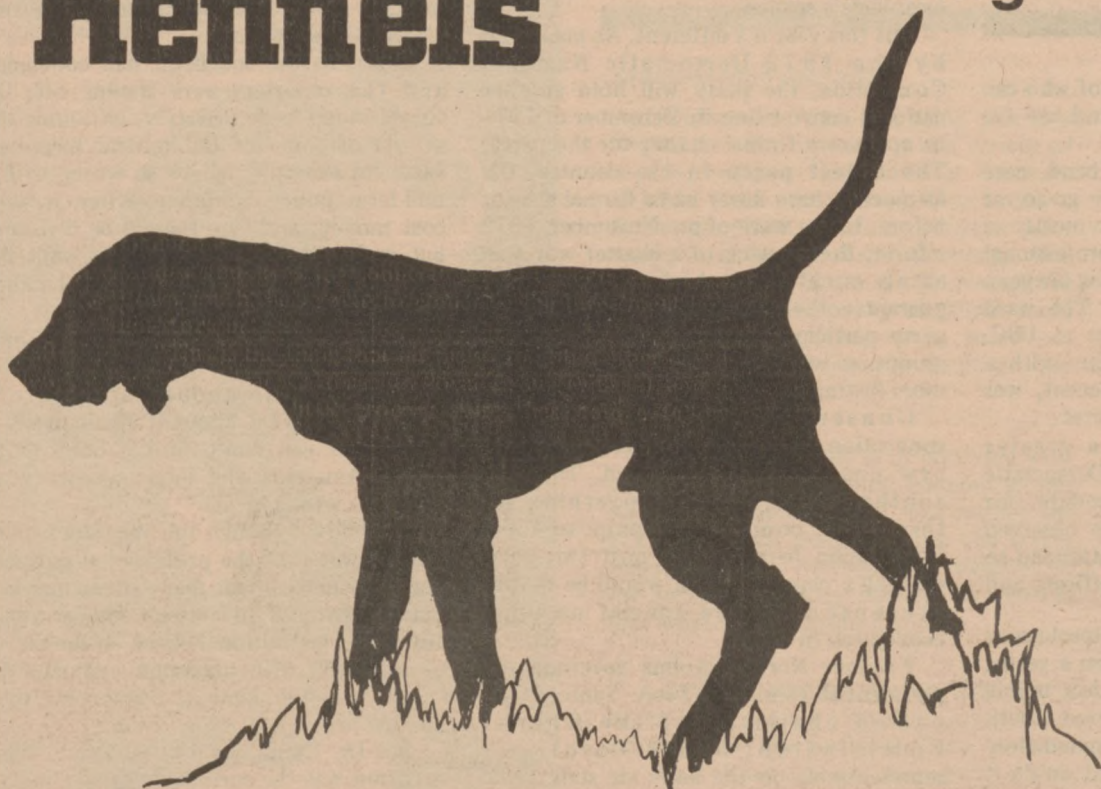
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"I saw them kill a man by holding him down and beating him to death with a pick. I saw children crippled by them; hung by their hands which had been tied behind their backs, thus breaking their shoulder blades. I saw men and women tortured by having cigarettes applied to the more sensitive parts of their bodies. I saw newborn babies starve to death because their mothers had been tortured by having electrodes applied to their breasts resulting in the mothers not being able to breast-feed their babies."

Jean-Pierre Debris saw all this while an inmate in a prison built with American taxpayers' money: staffed with guards paid by American taxpayers; guarded with weapons, bought with American taxpayers' money and run by an American advisor paid by the American government.

Debris spent two years as a "political prisoner" in a South Vietnamese penal institution as a result of his activities which were thought to be subversive by the Thieu regime in South Vietnam. His subversive activity consisted of a monument situated in front of South Vietnamese National Assembly Building in Saigon and waving a Viet Cong flag.

"I don't remember much of my arrest, but ABC television films I saw after my release show me knocked off the monument by rocks thrown by the police and then them beating me with black jacks until I was unconscious," Debris explains.

Debris has been traveling extensively throughout the United States for the past year and a half since his release from prison. His speeches and appearances represent an effort by him to make the American people aware of "what their government is doing to the people of Vietnam."

"I am convinced that if all the American people knew what their government is doing," the young Frenchman says, "that they would stop it. Even on a non-humanitarian basis, I am sure most Americans would want this activity to stop. For instance, did you know that while you line up to buy gasoline that your government is sending over 22,000 barrels a day to South Vietnam? And did you realize that while your President Nixon impounds and refuses to spend money your Congress has voted to be spent for the health and social needs of America that he is spending almost \$2 billion a year to keep Thieu in power?"

So no matter what their motives are,

Debris believes the American people will stop their government's support of the Thieu government. Debris' motives, however, are less pragmatic, but perhaps more interesting.

Born in a small village in northern France, Debris went to school in France until he had acquired a masters degree in mathematics. In 1968, after finishing school, he was drafted into the French army. Rather than "sitting in an Army barracks and wasting my talents," as he puts it, he volunteered and was selected to serve his army duty in Southeast Asia as part of a cultural mission teaching in several schools in that region.

His assignment was teaching French in a school in Saigon. "Up until this time, I was very non-political. I knew very little about politics and I really didn't care to learn. But after a few months in Vietnam I began to wonder why children with amputated arms and legs were allowed to go hungry and sleep in the streets and why the government and military people were allowed to use their power and corruption to make fortunes for themselves. Several times military officers or government officials who were the fathers of the children I was teaching came to me and offered as much as \$3,000 for copies of the examination in my course. They wanted to buy their children good marks so they could go to college in some other country and thus avoid the draft. This is just one small example of the corruption I saw."

The corruption and the deprivation became too much for Debris until one day he climbed the monument in an effort to draw attention to what he felt was and is an intolerable situation.

According to the peace agreements signed by the United States and both Vietnams, Debris said, the Saigon government committed themselves to releasing all "political prisoners" it held in its jails. Of the between 100,000 and 200,000 "political prisoners" - as the Saigon government calls them - in South Vietnamese jails, virtually none have been released, Debris said.

"These political prisoners are not what most people think they are. I saw children who were six and seven years old, who had been in jail for over three years. When they arrested the child's father they arrested the wife and child, also. One boy I knew who was seven had both his arms broken when the police had tried to make him tell them who his father's friends were. Many times



Jean-Pierre Debris

the adult who has been arrested was picked up by the police only because some neighbor had told them that the man was a communist sympathizer. Maybe the neighbor just had a personal grudge, but the police don't look into that."

The Frenchman also says that what many Americans think are humanitarian programs are really fronts for using their tax monies for military and police purposes. For instance, Debris said, Jones Construction Company in Charlotte, North Carolina, last year received \$400,000 from the Food For Peace program to build 384

new tiger cages to be used on the infamous Con-Son prison island. It was that prison camp which brought world attention to the use of the tiger cage as a means of perpetual torture. The cage is constructed so that it is too small for a man to stand or lie in so that many, after prolonged stays in the cages, are crippled for life.

"I saw many men and women who could not walk anymore and crawled around on their hands and knees everywhere they went," Debris said.

When asked about Congressional fears that if military aid were ended to South Vietnam that the communist North would swoop down and massacre the South, Debris explained that all he wants is for the United States government to live up to the peace agreement it signed a year ago. According to that agreement a coalition government is to be established with representatives of the Thieu government, the Vietcong and the neutralist elements of South Vietnam.

"Senator (Edward) Brooke of Massachusetts told me that this (conditions in South Vietnam) was the second largest issue he received mail on, the first being Watergate," Debris said.

When questioned about North Vietnamese and Vietcong violations of the truce and agreement Debris acknowledges that it is difficult to determine who starts these violations, but "It is Thieu who doesn't want the peace agreement to work; it is Thieu who wants the Americans back in South Vietnam and who has gotten rich from the war."

Debris also argues that the tactics of carpet bombing and mining raids, utilized by the South Vietnamese and American forces in Vietnam "are far more terrorist than anything the Vietcong have used."

Debris says the war in Vietnam is not over and will not end until this country stops sending billions of dollars to support the "corrupt" government of President Thieu. "The war is still going on and the American people are paying for it with their dollars, the Vietnamese are paying for it with their blood."

Debris' release from prison was secured only after protests in France forced the French foreign ministry to take diplomatic action. For the rest of South Vietnam's political prisoners, release isn't as uncomplicated.

"The keys to the Vietnamese prisons are in this country," Debris says.

-Dick Harpootlian

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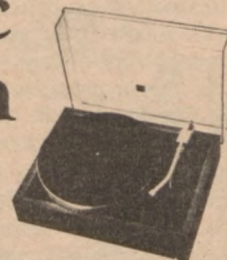
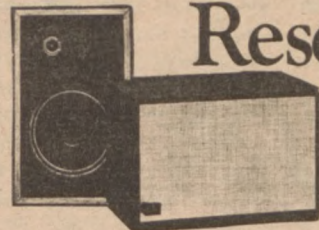
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Theatre: Fortune and Men's Eyes

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FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES

At Workshop Theatre
thru March 10

Superficially, John Herbert's *Fortune and Men's Eyes* is a thesis play which loudly and violently demands much-needed reform of our penal system. The current Workshop Theatre production coincides with a week of study on South Carolina prisons by students at the University of South Carolina.

Herbert's play is a series of fast-paced, but wordy actions which pull the reluctant audience into the prison and into the lives of the inmates whose cell we share visually. The play centers on the reactions caused by a fourth party coming to this cell. The new prisoner is Smitty, a first-timer doing a stint for making a moral decision concerning conscription. His new neighbors are Queenie, a homosexual cat-burglar with very expensive tastes, Rocky, a pimp and robber, and Mona, a young man judged guilty of unnatural sexual acts.

Before the arrival of Smitty, the inhabitants of the cell had reached a curious equilibrium. Queenie and Rocky are the rulers of the roost, but in different manners. Physically, Rocky dominates, but Queenie soon makes apparent he can control. Smitty becomes the pawn between the two, the Everyman caught between the rocks and waves, and unfortunately, Herbert's play becomes a mess as Smitty tries to establish his identity in this new world.

The first act centers on Smitty and Rocky. Repulsed by the outrageousness of Queenie and the mysteriousness of Mona, Smitty establishes a friendship with the "normal" Rocky. Rocky, though, acts with violence so, after many "screwings", Smitty learns that there must be better ways to exist in this jungle. In the second act, he turns toward the audacious Queenie for guidance. Queenie is no less Machiavellian than Rocky in his technique; he just comes at Smitty from a different angle. Applying the principles learned from Queenie, Smitty attempts to establish some meaning with Mona, the other member of his society. Mona represents the void. Having found himself in prison, he merely exists. If this means getting gang-raped at gym, then Mona accepts and still exists.

By the third act—the confrontation between Mona and Smitty—Herbert has bogged himself down terribly. He has made statements which should indeed be made in serious drama, yet he simply can't end his play. So, he asks William Shakespeare to do it for him. The few lines from *The Merchant of Venice* which Mona repeats brings cohesion to the verbal message but can do nothing for the play theatrically. Smitty's final speech is full of sound and fury but his final action seems more of a cop-out than a genuine threat/plea/promise.

The excellence of the Workshop production does much to even out Herbert's rough spots and turn the play into passably good stage entertainment as well as an impassioned plea for penal reform. Director Jim E. Quick controls his actors and his set masterfully to present meaningful stage actions which stun with their theatricality and their message.

The actors both help and hinder the physical production. Kenneth P. Graham as Smitty expresses admirably the Alice-in-Wonderland innocence of his

character, but he doesn't change throughout. He is just as idealistic and innocent at the end of the drama as at the beginning. If Smitty has learned anything during the two months in which we see him, it does not register successfully in Graham's acting. Corky Shain as Mona cannot totally establish a stage presence. Too often Shain drops out of character while walking across the stage. He certainly understands the role but has yet to develop an experienced actor's storehouse of subtle resources which can make a role come to life believably. The third act confrontation between Smitty and Mona suffers because of the inexperience of these two actors.

As Queenie, Randall Browning gives a performance which can only be described as a *tour-de-force*. Whether reading *Sports Afield* or camping across stage in full drag, Browning is a delight to watch. He carefully etches the many sides of his character, presenting excellent episodes of Queenie as Superstar, Queenie as politician,

Queenie as criminal, and Queenie as homeless waif. Browning portrays the complete human being, smashing stereotyped conceptions and transcending the material Herbert has written.

Steve Bordner's Rocky serves as an excellent foil to Browning's Queenie. As the leader of the cell, he casts a bullshiness and malevolence which frightens. Brooding intensely in his corner, Bordner makes us aware of his presence on the stage whether or not he is actually involved in the dialogue. Gloating maliciously, he violently traps Smitty in a sexual trap. Bordner plays the "heavy" without becoming stuck in Herbert's little metaphysical games of politics. Browning and Bordner dominate the first two acts of the play, creating the visually interesting and comically aggressive warfare.

Johnny DeHart as the guard certainly lives up to his nickname of "The Hat." Wearing an over-sized hat and violently chewing a wad of gum, DeHart brings this "ordinary guy" to life with professional

touches. As nursemaid for the four inmates, he serves as a point of sanity, for he knew the barriers of prison life as well as the joys of freedom.

Quick keeps things moving at a steady pace, and his staging of confrontations is impeccably smooth and pleasing to watch. He has carefully choreographed scenes of physical violence with those of comedy to produce an entertaining blend of drama and spectacle. The expressionistic lighting (by Horace Chapman) and setting (by John Brinkley) contribute to Quick's success with the actual stage happenings. Lee Beel's original music also enhances the production.

Fortune and Men's Eyes is not a total success as drama but certainly deserves note for its sociological content. Workshop Theatre has managed a handsome production of this play which should be enjoyed immensely. Don't fret too much over Herbert's wordiness, just enjoy the spectacle of an energetic production.

—Mike Smith

Cinema: Le Sex Shop

An Evening of Fun & Perversity

LE SEX SHOP

at the Gamecock II Theatre

For a delightful evening of fun and perversity a good place to go is *Le Sex Shop*. It's sheer pleasure for everyone—perverts, voyeurs and even just plain normals. Perverts and normals each get to laugh at the other (a particular pervert can, in addition, laugh at all those with different perversions), and voyeurs get lots of good ogling.

A perfectly charming and hilarious spoof on our sexual mores by a very talented Frenchman, Claude Berri, this film tells the story of another Claude and his wife Isabelle—an ordinary Parisian couple with two ordinary and rambunctious children. Claude runs an ordinary bookstore and Isabelle like to shop. Their problem, however, is bankruptcy. Claude's bookstore is a bust. They even have to borrow money from the janitor to buy curtains. That is, until an imaginative friend helpfully suggests that Claude convert his conventional bookstore into one specializing in sex books and, *voilà!* "Le Sex Shop" is born. Claude's friend, a practical businessman, advises knowingly, "Proust or *Positions*, it's all the same."

It's not, though. *Positions* is a much better number and Claude's new concept in bookselling is an overnight success. He not only sells books now, but "gadgets" as well, for the same people are attracted to both. Claude decides to invest in a large supply of equipment leaning toward the sado-masochistic line. In one perfectly hilarious episode, an imaginative contraption designer and his model demonstrate for Claude the advantages of his various body harnesses. Of one rather complex model the designer points out, "It immobilizes the person (to facilitate whipping). It's a bestseller!" Explaining the various principles behind such body harnesses, the designer observes pragmatically, "All these things must hamper the person—must cause pain. The customers like that." And he quickly adds with an admirable note of civic

consciousness, "It's better than molesting little girls."

Indeed, shortly afterward, almost as if to corroborate the designer's claim, one of Claude's customers rushes hastily past the hookers who patiently wait outside Le Sex Shop, hoping to pick up a little business of their own from Claude's overflow. One hooker sighs to the other, as the prospective customer slips past them, "The customers are scared of real girls. They prefer books. They last longer and cost less." Such logic is clearly indisputable.

With the advent of his new business, thoroughly naive Claude, his somewhat neglected pretty wife, his adventurous mother-in-law, and his hesitant father-in-law find themselves among people whose sexual mores are quite different from their own. Afraid to admit to naive, puritanical "normalcy", they try hard to conceal their embarrassing inexperience and naivete. "Normal," Claude's new dentist friend and customer assures him, "is doing what you want to do, when you want to do it and with whom—and letting everyone else do the same. Abnormal is not doing it!" "You're right, of course!" replies Claude nervously, doubtless reminding himself that the customer is always right.

One has to admit that the dentist's logic, like the harness designer's sounds very good. And, in fact, the handsome dentist and his very beautiful wife seem better adjusted and happier than almost anyone else in the film. They accept themselves (and each other) and openly admit to their passions—"group sex and Normandy farmhouses." What our dentist really grooves on most is watching his wife make love to someone else—not your everyday perversion, one must admit. She smilingly complies frequently enough, liking it as well as he. But this is poor old Claude's nemesis. Much as he tries, he simply cannot perform sexually for an audience of curious onlookers, though he does keep making an effort to the viewers great amusement. Most comedians are well acquainted with Henri Bergson's observation that a particular incident, even

a relatively humorless one, if, repeated again and again eventually becomes hilarious. This is precisely what happens to poor Claude as he searches fruitlessly, for a quiet nook in which to take his ravishing beauty in private.

Claude's new bookstore not only leads to new friends and acquaints him with new and probably hitherto unsuspected but lively lifestyles; it also leads to more and even bigger ventures, such as a "love-club" and a cruise for its members, all of which are highly lucrative. Claude conceals his "normal" inhibitions for business as well as personal reasons, but Isabelle is not so concerned about concealing hers. Indeed she is rather taken aback by the whole aberration thing, except when Claude is around and needs to be made jealous. Her opportunities to arouse his jealousy are legion. Naturally, there are a myriad of marvelously comic situations in which Claude and Isabelle try to comply with the expectations of others, yet somehow maintain their "normal" decorum and also secretly preserve their monogamous concept of sexual morality.

This delightful film is not only a very amusing look at our somewhat perverse ideas about sexual "normalcy"; it even more comically explores the "new sexual freedom." Whether you are a sadist, a masochist, or just plain normal, you can hardly help thoroughly enjoying this clever and hilarious film—if you can get in.

Le Sex Shop, another of the Columbia Fine Films Committee's offerings, opened February 20th at the Gamecock Theatre and was originally scheduled to run fourteen days. However, because of the audience response it will be held over for awhile.

The next film in the series, *Fat City*, with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges, may open on schedule March 5 at another theatre, or, more likely, it will be held off until *Le Sex Shop* finishes its longer-than-scheduled run at the theatre.

—Jerry McAninch

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Food: The Italian House

An Agreeable Balance

THE ITALIAN HOUSE

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Atmosphere is even more subjective than food. What is a "dining experience" for one man may be a "pretentious bore" for another, a fascinating, unique place for me may be a sloppy, greasy spoon for you. If some night you are looking for a place that has an intimate, tasteful, quiet and informal atmosphere the Italian House may be what you are looking for.

I went there with my wife and four friends on a recent Wednesday evening. The menu is interesting, including a broad range of dishes and not just the usual tomatoey fare. We had six different dishes the fettucini, zite, chicken cacciatore, veal role, veal scallopini, and cheese manicotti. The fettucini was the star of the group. I had the chicken cacciatore to round out the selection since no one else had ordered it. It was not the wisest choice. The veal dishes were good although both seemed to be from calves who lied about their ages. Veal scallopini should be made from thin slices of veal, but our dish consisted only of tidbits of meat.

My chicken cacciatore suffered from what most pre-prepared chicken casseroles suffer from—overcooking. All in all, the main courses were adequate, but not outstanding. If you have eaten at some of the small, high-quality Italian restaurants that are so common in New York or Boston, the Italian House will provide you a slightly faded reminder of what they are like.

Italian wine buys are now available. The wine list at the Italian House gives you a hint of that. Before our meal we shared a bottle of Soave, which is a very light white wine from near Verona. It was good and it should have been even better. Soave is best young, but this six-year-old bottle had lost some of its freshness. The restaurant gave each couple a half bottle of what they called Chianti. It is hard to turn down a free bottle of wine, though if you have real guts you will, and order a better bottle from the wine list. The service was competent, a quality not often found in Columbia restaurants, as I have noted before. I just wish they would bring the wine, even if it is free and of average quality, before the main dish arrives.

The whole place is an agreeable balance.

The food is good if not spectacular, the decor is pleasant, the service friendly. The Italian House is not outstanding in any area but neither does it have any serious flaws. If you want to relax and eat interesting food it may be the place for you. The cost is in the mid-range. The six of us shared an antipasto, ate dishes throughout the cost spectrum, had dessert, drank that complimentary wine and paid \$12.80 a couple for all of this.

A Note

Two weeks ago, my wife and I went

back to the China Garden with another couple to celebrate a birthday by having Peking duck. It was an extraordinary treat. With Peking duck you eat everything but the quack, to paraphrase an old Southern saying. A delicious broth is made from the bones and other leftovers mixed with vegetables. The principal course has several parts. The slicings of the skin are quick-fried and come out crisp and rich. The meat itself is cut into tender morsels. A heavenly musky sauce, a sort of essence of duck, is served with light bread, a Chinese version of a tortilla. You paint the

sauce on the bread with brushes cut from scallions, add morsels of meat, roll it up and eat it. For four people you may want to order a couple of other dishes with the one order of duck. I would recommend the lightest dishes on the menu like the bean curd, for the duck is plentiful and very rich. The cost of one order of duck is \$18.00, which is not that expensive split four ways and considering that it is one of the most extraordinary dishes available in Columbia. You must order it a day in advance.

—Bob Conly

Music: Bob Seegar

Working For A Living

BOB SEEGER

at the Copper Door
February 22

I spent most of Saturday afternoon siphoning Bicardi 151 into three-ounce Listerine containers to avoid the blistering minibottle prices for which Columbia nightspots are known. But I soon found it didn't cut down the prices of my evening since Coke these days is going for 50 cents a cup. One cannot avoid the requisit cost of getting drunk anymore.

But these matters failed to stop me from enjoying an evening with Bob Seeger and Band. It turned out to be a most entertaining affair, supplemented by the usual sideshow appearing nightly at The Copper Door on Rosewood Drive. It never ceases to amaze me the change in audience when the cover charge takes to the sky (\$4 this night). The blue-jeans and glitter were replaced by nylons and letter jackets. It's a bit sad since I'm sure Seeger's bulk audience couldn't afford the cover, nor the drink prices, and could be found at any one of the other local saloons sipping on draft and listening to the juke box. I don't think anyone cares though, as long as someone is willing to pay.

The opening band, Stone Castle, a new ensemble out of the coal-mines of West Virginia, had everyone dancing for the two hours leading to Mr. Seeger's appearance.

They're a hardworking band (now residing in Columbia), and will be making a return appearance at The Copper Door in three weeks. Assuming the price is reasonable, they're worth seeing.

After considerable delay, Seeger and the "Silver Bullet Band" took the stage, wasting no time running into an old favorite, "Sue Me, Sue You, Blues." Here Seeger donned a guitar for the first and last time of the evening. He didn't need it, though, because his voice was incredible, as always, his band tight, as he ran through numbers such as "Back in '72," "Ain't Nothing Like A Gang Bang (To Blow Away The Blues)," and the timeless "Ramblin' Man."

It was the old Bob Seeger—except for a few minor changes such as the addition of a seldom used melletron, and the bass player from Mitch Ryder's last band, "Detroit." I have always wondered why a man with one of the best voices in the rock field never attained the mass popularity seemingly deserved. The problem became obvious Saturday night. Though the energy and tightness of his band are quite sufficient, Seeger's vocals seemed to become forced within the limits of the material at hand. He was just too good for his band, which seems to be the problem

with other Detroit bands, such as Ryder's various groups.

That's not to say that I didn't enjoy the concert or that the audience didn't enjoy the concert. Seeger's voice was superb, and I wish more people could have afforded to see him. But he'll never sell records without a band to match his talent, and songs that exploit his voice to full utility.

It's strange. You can turn on the television on any given Friday or Saturday night and watch performers vastly inferior to Seeger cash in on the overblown music market. It all seems quite glamorous then. Get on stage before 10,000 people, pull in an incredible take for an hour's work, and fly to your next stop, indulging in cocaine groupies, and new record contracts.

On the other hand, you can go to clubs like The Copper Door, and see some of the best artists playing their asses off to get someone to dance. They perform for low pay, travel on the ground, and rarely grace the stage of the "Midnight Special."

Another Detroit band, Brownsville Station seems to have hit gold on the strength of an insipid AM radio single. That's sad. People should be hearing the likes of Bob Seeger and Mitch Ryder, but it seems that performers of their calibre are not marketable anymore. Instead, they work for a living.

—Hank Gilman

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EVENTS & entertainments

March 1 - 10

cinema

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ATLANTIC I AND ATLANTIC II THEATRES, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Sugar Hill" with Marki Bey and Robert Quarry. The ads for this one say "This mob plays for keeps and the game is vengeance..." Sounds really appetizing—so, for your weekly quota of guts and violence, this one's for you.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Willie Dynamite". Well, looks like it's another Black superman mobster-or-policeman show. Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 p.m.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Lunch" will be playing on a double bill with "Regina's Secret." Well, I'm not guessing what Regina's secret is (is she a bird, a plane, a (gasp) man in woman's clothing?; but I know what's being served up for "Lunch." Ain't hard to guess... Shows continuous from 1:00 p.m. to keep it moving along. Rated X.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Papillon" is still here. Frankly, I'm a little tired of it. But here goes the times again: 1, 3:35, 6:15, and 9:00 p.m. Well, if you go in for roaches I guess you wouldn't mind seeing it again.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Serpico," is a really fine film based on a real life cop in New York City who forced Lindsay to form a committee to investigate police corruption. Starring Al Pacino. Call the theatre for times.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

Here it is—"The Exorcist"—and I'm not even going to tell you what it's about. But I can give you some new information in terms of prices—a hefty \$3 for ALL seats. Shows at 1:00, 3:45, 6:30, 9:15 p.m.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"Le Sex Shop", the latest offering of the Winter Fine Films Festival, is now showing—and it's dirtier than you think, so run on out and get your laughs (it really IS funny). Directed by the "French Woody Allen". Shows at 1, 2:40, 4:20, 6, 7:40, and 9:20 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"A Touch of Class" with George Segal and Glenda Jackson. This is the third showing in Columbia—but it's one of those lovely, classy romances that also has a strange humor (and several Oscar nominations) to its credit. Go on out and see it. Shows at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9 p.m.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Sting" is still holding on. With Robert Redford and Paul Newman in this film about conmen in the Thirties. Times are 2:20, 4:40, 7:00, and 9:20 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1225 Main Street, 256-1050

"Mean Streets" with Franco Nero (remember him as Lancelot?). We're excited about this one—mainly because of Franco Nero. Give the folks at the Miracle a call as to the times—we couldn't get them.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Cinderella Liberty" with Marsha Mason (who was so good in "Blume in Love"), James Caan (Sonny of "The Godfather") and Eli Wallach (from the

"Good, the Bad, and the Ugly"—he was the Ugly). It's about a sailor who falls in love with a pool hall hustler (Ms. Mason) and her little boy. She's pregnant, not with his kid, and his best friend (Wallach) thinks he's crazy, and her little mulatto illegitimate son is not sure of anything—and for next week's segment, turn to "As The World Turns." Call the theatre for times.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch", a film starring Tom Courtenay as Ivan Denisovitch is based on Nobel Prize winner Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel about a Siberian work camp. The film is great—but will only run through Sunday, March 3. On March 4, "Visions of Eight" a visual masterpiece by eight photographers covering the 1972 Olympic Games will be showing through Wednesday, March 6. After that, you will have to call the theatre for the latter part of the week's showings.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"Super Dad" and "Son of Flubber" will be showing on a double bill at the Richland Mall Theatre. This is strictly for the Walt Disney kiddie crowd.



Caan

Pacino

CAMPUS FILMS

All films at the University of South Carolina's Russell House Theatre are free to USC students, faculty, and administrative staff (except for those films whose rentals are high enough to merit charging). Some of the best films in Columbia appear here, so find yourself a willing student if you aren't one.

Sunday, March 3

"Hollywood: The Dream Factory—Film and Reality"—this one should be great. Shows at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Monday, March 4

"Closely Watched Trains"—one of the very first Czechoslovakian films to be shown in the United States. It's also a fine love story (as I remember it). Shows at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Tuesday, March 5

"The Knack" with Rita Tushingham. This is one of those films about mod, mod London and all that early guru stuff—but it's a damn good film. Shows at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Wednesday, March 6

"The Big Sleep" with Humphrey Bogart as the legendary detective Philip Marlowe and Lauren Bacall as the love interest. This is a truly classic film in the detective genre—with lots of Bogey's asnappy p one-liners to keep the interest up. Shows at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Thursday and Friday, March 7 and 8

"The Decameron"—the great Chaucerian feast for the eyes brought to the screen by Pasolini and based on the tales of Boccaccio, the bawdy Italian master. This will be the first showing in Columbia—and it may not be here long once the administration of the University gets a look at it—so get your tickets early. Fee is \$1.00.

television

Saturday, March 2

5:00 p.m.—ABC Wide Wide World of Sports will have Superfight (which admittedly wasn't much of a superfight according to food editor Jim Parker) will be shown with Ali and Frazier hacking at each other. (Channel 25)

8:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Green Berets", a propagandistic ridiculous film with John Wayne sobbing from patriotic fervor and a bunch of other crazies laughing about the chinks they shot... (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Houston, We've Got a Problem" has Robert Culp trying to get some astronauts back to earth alive (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Potemkin", Sergei Eisenstein's silent classic on the 1905 Russian Revolution, features the Odessa steps massacre—one of film's most celebrated and terrifying scenes of violence. This is a magnificent film—only in America could it be shown the same night as "The Green Berets." (Channel 35)

10:00 p.m.—Grammy Awards with just about everybody who's anybody (within the "fashionable" scene) appearing either to accept an award or announce one. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Greatest Show On Earth" with Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, etc. If you've never seen it, this one is a lot of fun. (Channel 19)

12:15 a.m.—Rock Concert with Isley Brothers, Poco, the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Billy Joel at the Palace Theatre.

1:00 a.m.—Movie. "Adventures of a Young Man" based on Ernest Hemingway's book.

Sunday, March 3

6:00 p.m.—60 Minutes. Wish we could tell you folks what's gonna be on, but the folks at the CBS affiliate don't even know. It's a good risk for viewing—consistently good. (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "A New Leaf" with Elaine May and Walter Matthau. (Channel 25)

9:00 p.m.—Upstairs, Downstairs has the Bellamy household playing a whodunit game about a visiting countess who can't find her diamond brooch. (Channel 35)

11:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Unholy Three" (1925) Silen melodrama with Lon Chaney as a ventriloquist disguised as an old lady who sells parrots. Whhhhaatt? Seriously, this is one of Chaney's most masterful disguises. (Channel 35)

Monday, March 4

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "Chato's Land" with Charles Bronson as the target of a relentless posse on the run after the self-defense killing of a white sheriff (Bronson plays a half-breed Apache). (Channel 25)

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "I Walk The Line" or "The Father of Walking Tall" with Gregory Peck as the small town good, righteous sheriff being tempted by the sinfully seductive body of Tuesday Weld as "Aalma McCain". (Channel 10)

10:30 p.m.—Woman. Sandra Elkin interviews women relating to their problems about returning to work after a prolonged absence (usually to raise children, etc.) (Channel 35)

1:00 a.m.—Tomorrow has big Tom Snyder interviewing three photographers for the now defunct LIFE Magazine who discuss their professional experiences. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, March 5

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Victim" with Elizabeth Montgomery wandering around a scary old house. Sound familiar? (Channel 25)

Wednesday, March 6

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Stranger Who Looks Like Me" is about two tormented young adopted youths' "frustrating search for their natural parents." Sounds like Kleenex material to me. With Beau Bridges and Meredith Baxter. (Beau's kinda cute) (Channel 25)

Thursday, March 7

9:00 p.m.—"Pueblo" is a very good adaptation of the play concerning the Pueblo incident in 1968. Hal Holbrook stars as Lloyd Bucher in a terrific performance. (Channel 25)

Friday, March 8

9:00 p.m.—Special. "Really Raquel" with guess who strutting her stuff, singing, dancing, etc. She'll also be spoofing some of her movies. Get the binoculars and beer out and have yourselves a good time. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Invasion of Carol Enders" has Meredith Baxter as a girl possessed by the spirit of a young woman believed to have been murdered. (Channel 25)

1:00 a.m.—Midnight Special with Gladys Knight and the Pips, Curtis Mayfield, Richie Havens, Jobriath, Jim Weatherly, and Spooky Tooth with Les Variations. (Channel 10)

music

Singer **Todd Rundgren** of "Hey, It's Me" will be in Utopia Concert at the Carolina Coliseum absolutely FREE (with one USC ID that is—one guest is allowed per ID) on Tuesday, March 5, 8 p.m.

Humble Pie and **Spooky Tooth** will be in concert at Littlejohn Coliseum at Clemson on Saturday March 2 at 8:30 p.m. Go on up...

The **USC Concert Choir** will present the first of its annual Lenten Concerts Sunday, March 10 in Trinity Episcopal Church with Johannes Brahms' "Requiem". The 7 p.m. concert is open to the public. It should be great!

art

S.C. Arts Schools Association Student Traveling Exhibit will be showing at Clemson's Lee Hall Gallery March 6 through the 29th. This is an exhibition of student work from all the members colleges of the association. If you're up that way...you might see something worthwhile.

theatre

The Columbia College Drama Department will present **A Delicate Balance** by Edward Albee for four nights beginning March 6. Tickets are \$2 for adults and \$1.50 for students and may be reserved by calling the Cottingham Theatre box office at 786-3850.

Fortune and Men's Eyes, the bitter and controversial documentary on the degradation and brutality in a reformatory will be presented by Workshop Theatre thru March 10.

politics

Senator Ernest Hollings will speak at 11 a.m., Tuesday, March 5 in the University of South Carolina law school auditorium.

Hollings' speech will concern varied topics including environmental matters and "the post-Watergate morality." Following his prepared remarks he will conduct a lengthy question and answer session. The public is invited to the talk. Also on March 5 the Environmental Law Society will hold a luncheon for the Senator and will make a presentation to him for his activities in the environmental field. Tickets for the luncheon may be obtained by calling Susan Keith at 779-3090 in Columbia.

speeches

Lee Bandy, Washington correspondent for *The State* newspaper, will speak on **The Washington Press Corps and the President** at the Business Administration Auditorium on Thursday, March 7, 8 p.m. This should be interesting seeing as how our beloved President hates and fears the press so much that his news conferences are always explosive to watch.

Edited by Julie Byrum